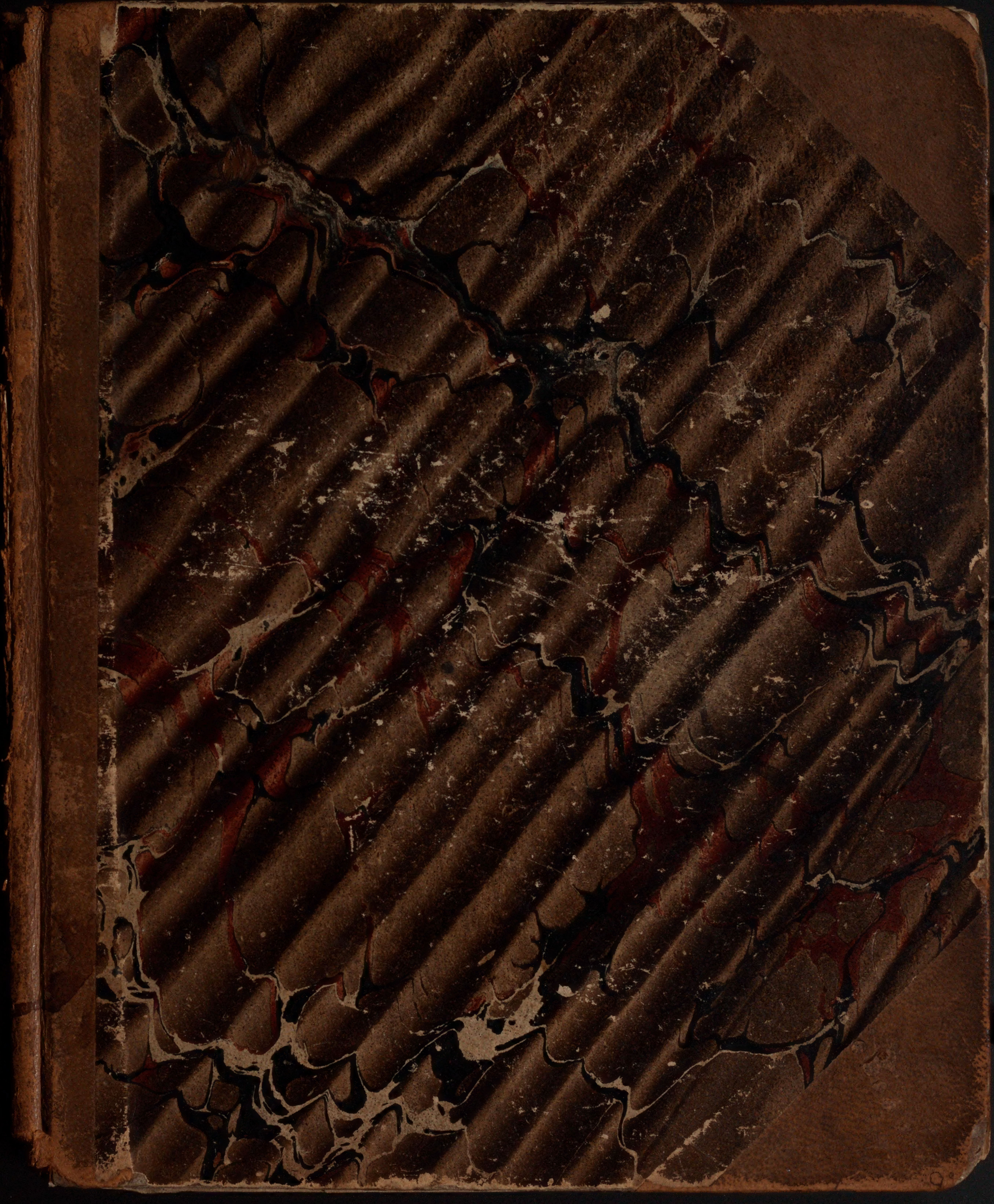

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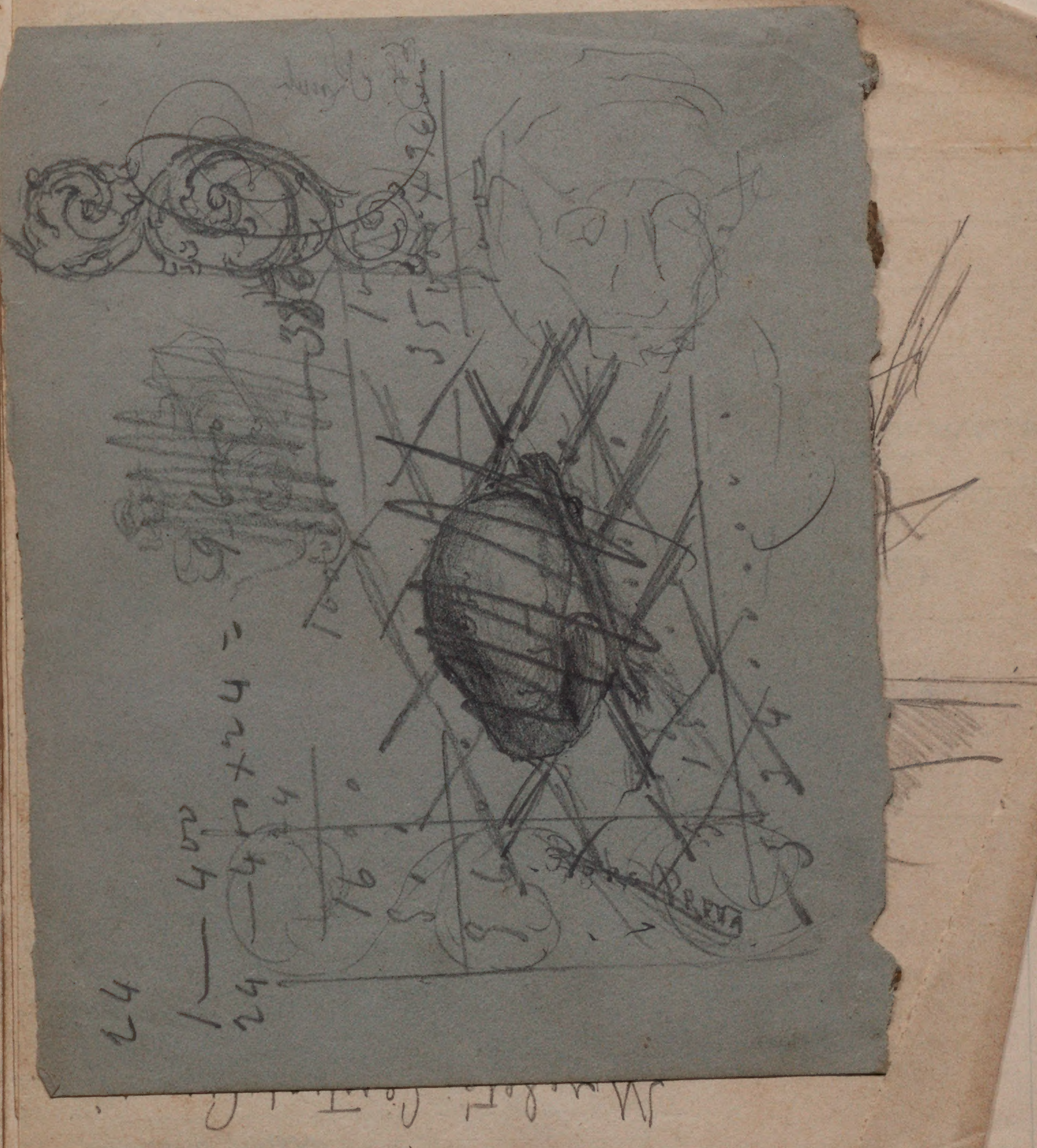
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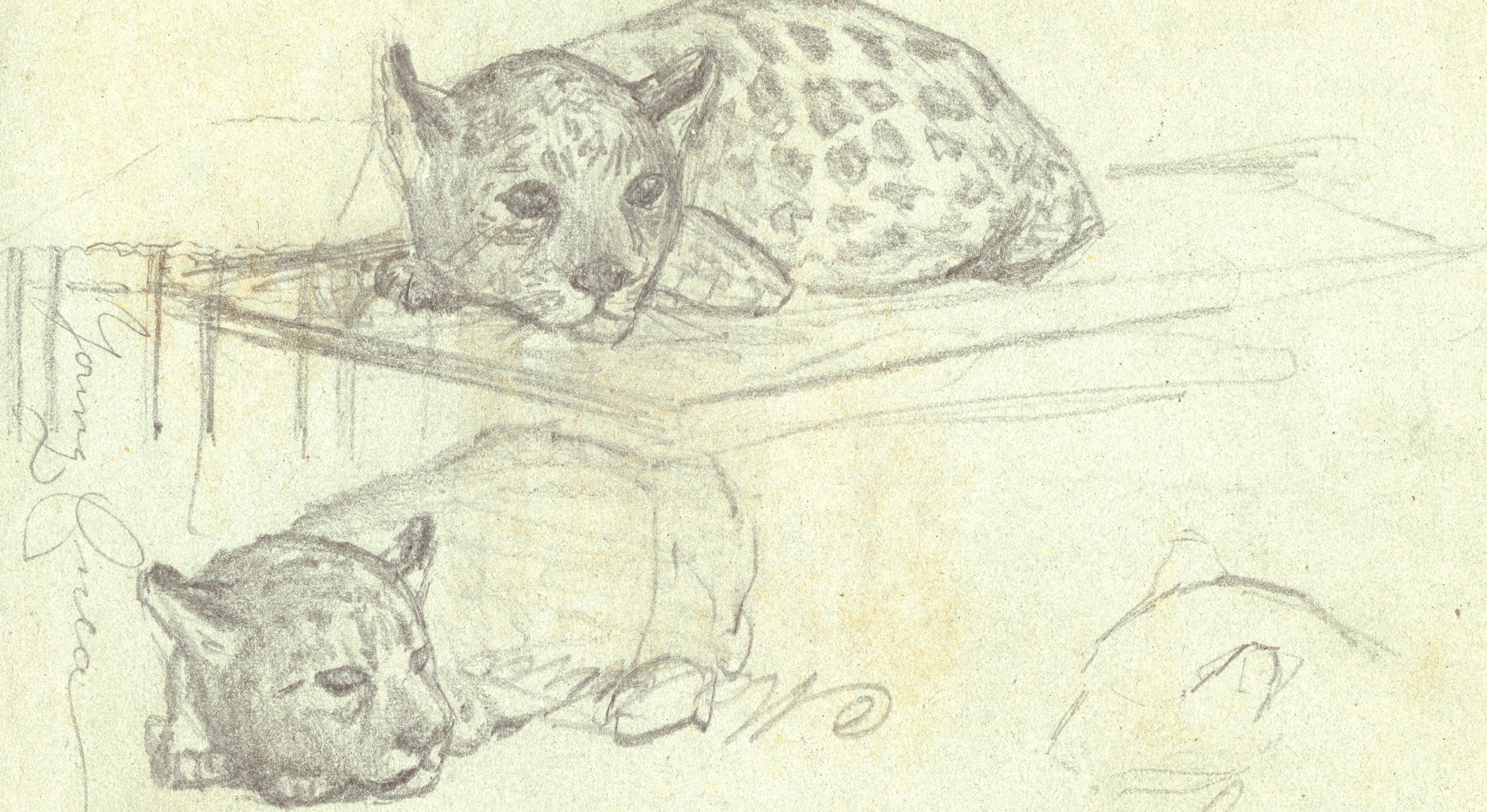

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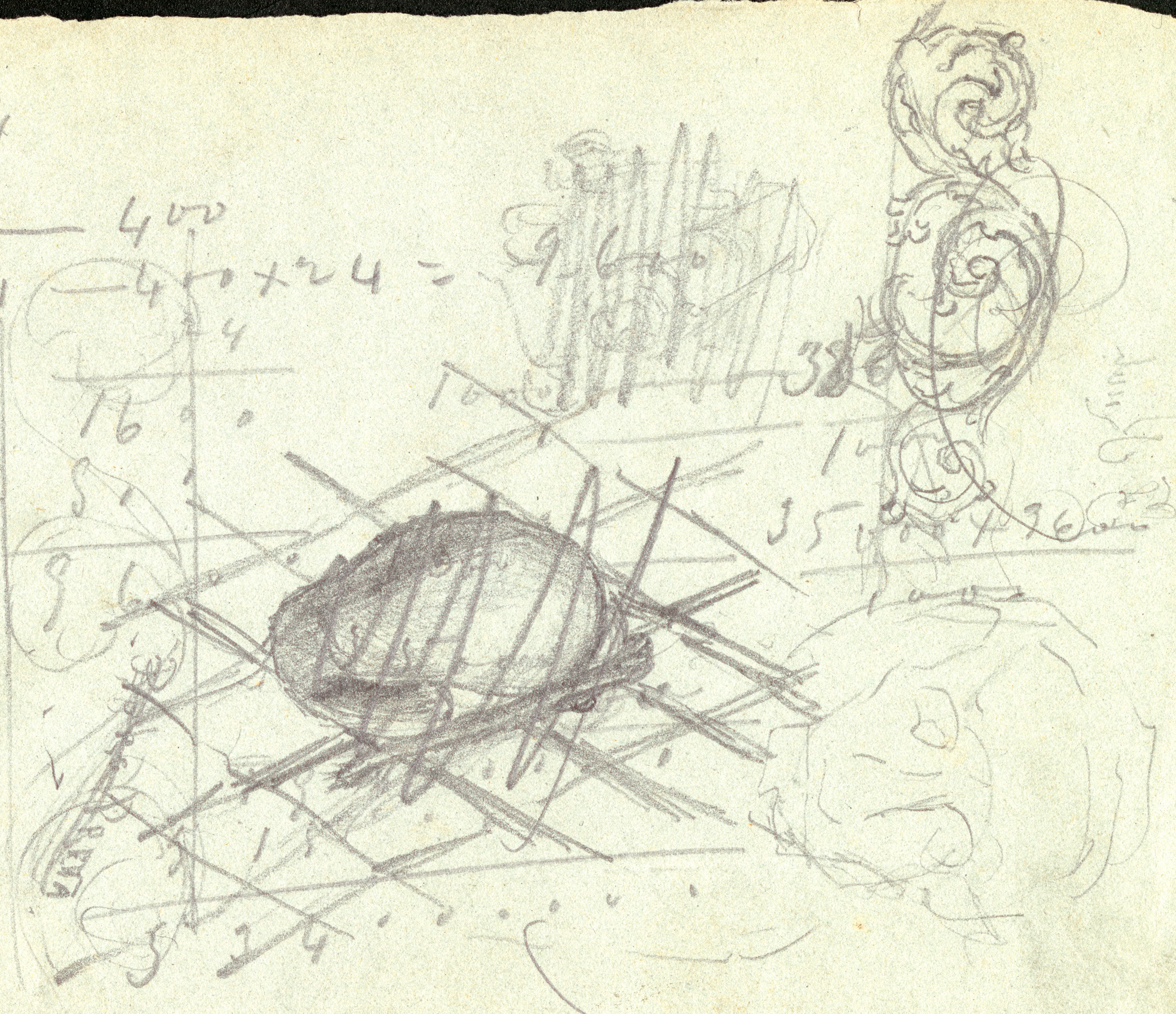
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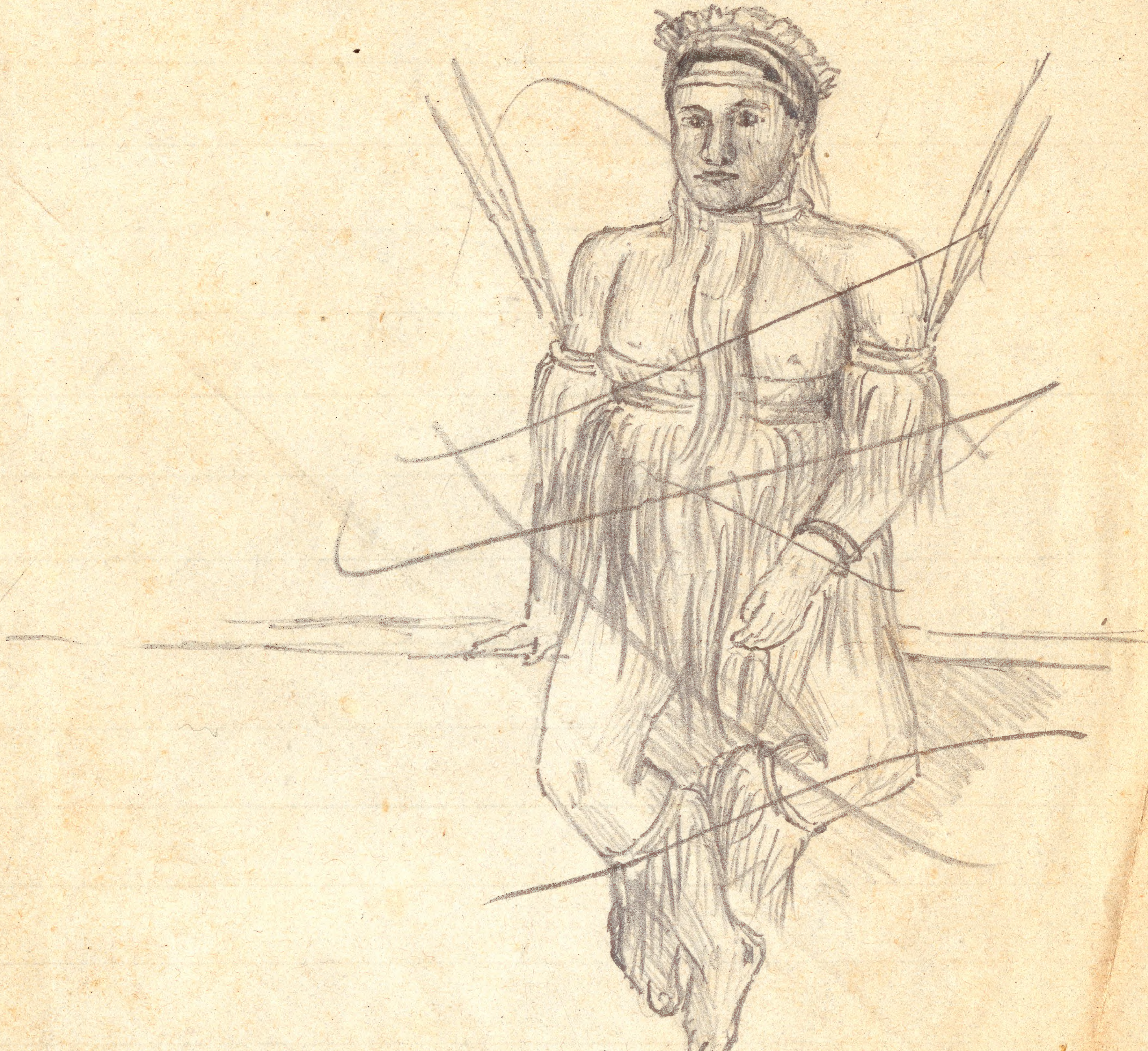

Morelet's Central America

Humboldt.

Castelnau

v. Martius.

Wallace.
J. Orton The Andes & the Amazon - 1906.5.
C.C. Andrews, Brazil. — 1910.1.
Mr. H. H. Smith, Brazil, the Amazon & the Coast.
Burmeister.
Prof. Hartt - Amer. Natur. vol V. On Ereré inscript.
Dr. Galt
Chandless
Hyde Clark.
v. Tschudi.
Herndon.
Catlin.
Raimondi. — M. Hombron —

Lieber Max!

Gieb Ueberbringer
alle deine deutschen
Bücher

Hermann

Max Schmidt

Schriftgieser

Leipzig - Reudnitz
Grenzgasse
pr. Adr.
Rühl & Koch
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Schmetterlingsschrank
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Brazilian Diary of
Frederick Knab
(supposed — fms)

1885

March 13. Left Chicopee on 11.34 P.M. train without having had a chance to say good-bye to anyone as I hardly expected to go so soon. It took me about the whole day to pack my trunk. It is very heavy and had to be tightened on the bottom with screws. I just got done in time for the hack. It was a tremendous job to get it down stairs. Had to pay extra for checking baggage as it was after the regular time. Left Springfield for N.Y. at 1.51 A.M. It snowed part of the time. Got to New York at 6 A.M. and took the elevated railroad for down town. Went to the office of the U.S. & Brazil Mail S.S. Co. to arrange for our passage to Pará. Managed to get our tickets for $100.00. The steamer is to sail on the 17th at 12 M. Went to Jersey City and took the train at 1.30 P.M. for Reading, Pa. to see Mr. Stricker. Reached Reading at 6 P.M. The scenery along the road is very fine especially towards the latter part when the hilly country begins.

Had quite a time finding Mr. Strecker's house. It is near the end of the city beautifully situated on a hill. It is a large house with a brownstone front.

He was not at home but came in after a little while. He had a headache and could not do much and besides had to go to a meeting of builders. However he showed me the room he kept his wonderful collection of butterflies in — the whole upper story of his house. There are two large windows at each end of the room, a large work table in the centre, and the cabinets covering all the space along the walls except at one end where the library is. After talking quite a while we started — he for the meeting, and I for the Keystone Hotel where I spent the night. When I awoke it was rather obscure so thought it must be early yet, so was somewhat surprised when it struck ten. I dressed myself and went to Mr. Strecker's. From the time I got there till dinner was ready we spent looking over his wonderful collection — and I didn't get half a look at it either. It is wonderful! But there are hundreds of S. A. butterflies not represented in his collection, and a good many others are represented by such poor specimens that he would dash them to pieces if he could get better specimens. The main thing is to get perfect specimens. He says I should look out for the smaller species — Erycinidae, Theclas, &c., and for the females of all species. The females of many of the S. A. species of Lep. are unknown and very desirable. They are duller in color and often entirely different from the male.

16th. Slept at Keystone Hotel again and after seeing Mr. Strecker once more and saying good-bye to him left for New York on 8 A. M. train and reached there at 12 M. Stopped over night at the Central Hotel. — March 17th. Crossed the Brooklyn Bridge to go to Robert Stores from where our steamer, the Merrimack, sails.

She was to leave at 12 but did not get started until 4 P. M. Our cabin is all bottom up but they say it will get straightened out by and by.

18th We are to reach Newport News, Va. tonight where the steamer stops for coal and ~~some~~ cargo.

So far the trip has been very pleasant, our fare is a little coarse but goes very well. We passed some islands this morning just visible on the horizon. We have five fellow-passengers. — One is a Chilian (a doctor), three are negresses bound for St. Thomas, and the other is a young fellow from St. Thomas homeward bound on a vacation from college. We passed the Cape Charles & Cape Henry Lighthouses this evening and dropped anchor up Chesapeake Bay.

19th. Landed at Newport News, Va. this morning. It is has snowed during the night and is very cold.

The town consists principally of negro shanties. There is a large hotel and a very large grain-elevator. Went along the shore to take a look at the country. At a tar factory a little ways from the warf, I fired my revolver at a turkey-buzzard that was eating a musk-rat cast up by the waves. Missed him of course. There are a great many Vultures here. Although they are a disgusting bird close to, they look beautiful when they sail overhead ascending to a great hight with a slow and steady flight. Just behind the beach are some thick bushes, amongst them some holly, which being covered with fresh green leaves and red berries was very pleasing to the eye. There are a good many birds in this bush-wood belt along the shore — Sparrows, Warblers, Robins, Cardinal Redbirds. &c.

A creek limits ~~are~~ our walk along the shore as there is no place to cross it.

20th Will got the ballcap rifle out of his trunk, we went on shore to see if we could not kill some birds. It was extremely cold. went as far as the creek and followed it up. There are a good many ducks along shore here. We saw a good many birds but did not succeed in getting any. We were so cold that we ran on the way back to the ship.

21st Wrote letters home and mailed them at the store which is Post office at the same time. Got through loading the steamer and left Newport News at 6 P. M. A big crowd of negroes has been busy loading her from both sides while we were here. They howl away while at work and appear much more cheerful than our northern workmen. Passed a man-of-war in Hampden Roads. 22nd. When I awoke this morning it was very stormy - the vessel rolled frightfully. This is just what I had expected for the last two days we were in Newport News there were a great many vessels lying in the bay - a forest of masts. I did not care to get up the vessel rolled so that I did not see how I should keep on my feet. Suddenly Will exclaimed "there is a whale alongside". As I could not see him from where I was I got up and looked out of the window. It was only a school of porpoises. I did not remain on my feet long before I felt the effect of the motion. In a little while I was pretty sick, so as soon as I got over it a little I made a bee line for my bunk and with a supreme effort managed to get in. The sailors look different now with their water proof coats, boots, and hats on. They brought in a heavy pump-handle to get it out of the way, and when the storm increased it began to slide back and forth - striking the partition with such force that I thought it would surely smash it through. A barrel of beans also began to move and after going back and forth a couple of times it was all in pieces and the whole floor covered with beans which rolled back and forth with the motion of the ship.

In the mess-room on the opposite side of the partition things are just as bad as here we can hear men, stools, dishes, &c. going back and forth and banging against the sides. At this juncture the barber came in to console us, and just in time for the pump handle struck Watt's bunk and knocked him out rather suddenly. He was so sea-sick that he did not realise the danger of his situation, the barber pulling him out of the way just as the pump handle was going to hit him in the head. Then the barber fastened on to the handle and tried to stop it but it took him across the floor like a tin can tied to a dogs tail and it was all a couple of sailors could do, that came in about this time, to get the best of the thing. Then the mate had the beams, piece of the barrel and of the lamp &c. cleared away and things looked a little more peaceful inside, though by no means outside. On the other side of the partition one of the men remarks, "the fellows over there do'nt seem to be joking so much today". Ans. "No, they are choking." And seeing that we were not to be trifled with, even if we were sea-sick, they said no more.

Towards evening the storm increased, the water was coming into the forecastle — so they put the sailors in the same cabin with us. They left the door open and the first sea we shipped filled the cabin with water — everything got wet through, and what the water did not spoil the sailors did. One of the life-boats has gone overboard, breaking one of the davits off short and bending the other double. The figure-head, too, is all shattered. We ran against the wind twenty hours and as it was the vessel came near foundering. Saw a big drift by during the day with her main-mast gone.

23rd The sea is calming down and we are over our seasickness.

24th. Weather very fine.

25th " fine & warm.

26th " " but cold.

27th. It has been a beautiful day.
We got into St. Thomas ~~about~~ after midnight and the steamer was put right alongside the dock on the coal island. It is warm and the crickets are chirping on shore. Can hardly wait for daylight.

28th. The harbor is all shut in by mountains opposite is the town, it is divided into three hills. It grew light very rapidly. First there was a beautiful rose tint in the east and in a few minutes it was light enough to see. We jumped on shore, and by the time we had gone the length of the warf and climbed the side of the hill a little ways it was full daylight. The town with its white-washed, red tiled houses, the fort, the palm trees, the shipping lying in the harbor and the mountains rising behind were a grand sight. We climbed up the side of the hill to have a look around. The hill is all covered with loose rocks which makes walking very bad. There are no trees on this island as far as we could see but it is all covered with bushes, tall cactus, vines &c. They all had thorns and it was impossible to go out of the path on account of the thickness of the brush. On top of the hill behind the warf is a house. There are a few trees around this house, one of them a palm with scolloped leaves and some green fruit in a bunch just where the leaves began. There was a big lizard running along the garden wall and some little birds flying around in the shrubbery. There was an enormous brain-coral lying on the garden wall which must have been a beautiful object once, though it was now spoiled by the weather. After enjoying the beautiful view of the harbor from this point for a while we went back to our steamer and got there just in time to see the old negro-lady and her two daughters off. She gave us her adress and asked us to come and see her if we should eve stop at St. Thomas.

They had begun loading with coal when w got on board. The coal is brought on board in baskets carried by negro women on their heads. These women look very picturesque, one behind the other with their short dresses and bare arms + shoulders, occasionally one with a pipe in her mouth. They are very muscular and well-built. There are some men and boys too, but most of the carriers are women. After a while some boats came alongside. Will and I and a Mr. Rowe engaged a passage to the town and back for .30 + each. The boatman was a jolly old negro with a big stove-pipe hat and called himself Champaign Charlie. We landed near the fort on a good quay and could hardly get out of the boat from the quantity of negroes who wanted to show us the sights. With a good deal of trouble we finally got rid of them concluding we could see enough without their assistance. We followed up the first street running parallel with the water. It is the business street with all the stores +c. The stores have no windows but only big doors which makes them very cool and airy. The town is built right up the side of the mountains, which rises

just behind it. The street we were on though the main street was quite narrow. The houses are all built of solid stones and roofed over with tiles. The streets are very picturesque and would keep an artist busy for months, if I can make it, I will spend a short time sketching here on my way home. We passed the church with its broad flight of stone steps coming down over the narrow sidewalk. But by far the most interesting and pleasing sight was the two market-places with the gaily dressed negro women with fruits + vegetables +c. spread before them on mats or trays. There is a great variety of fruits and vegetables and these women know how to display them to the best advantage. We followed the street through the town till we got to the cemetery. It is a beautiful place. It is surrounded by a high stone wall. A row of graceful palms runs inside parallel with the road. There are many fine trees, and bright-green grass everywhere almost hiding the tomb-stones. Some of the tomb-stones are very curious, looking like a coffin surrounded and covered by masonry. There were lizards everywhere running up the tree-trunks, up the stone walls, and over the ground. They are extremely active and go like a flash when approached. After strolling through the cemetery and reading some of the inscriptions, in different languages and many of them quite old, we turned back. We went back leisurely, looking around and buying a little fruit. Went into Bom's money-office and changed some of our American money into Brazilian. Then we went into a stationery shop and bought some envelopes and adressed our letters home.

The man saw my butterfly net and said that he would catch butterflies for me. I showed him how to put them up and told him I would be in to see him on the way home and buy his specimens if they were good. The letters were next mailed and by that time we thought we had better go back on board. So we found our boatman, bought some bananas and a pine apple, which the man's boy carried to the boat for us, and after having a drink of a kind of root beer, went back on board. We got back on board just in time to escape a shower, which, however passed over very rapidly. Seeing that I had some time yet, I jumped ashore and followed a path up the side of the hill. It was quite warm. The only animals I saw excepting lizards and dragonflies which were very plenty, were a few butterflies, some birds, and a brown snake. The birds were mostly a kind of pigeon, flying up in pairs.

The path took me to the highest part of the hill. There was a fortification here, a round stone wall with two cannon inside. The view from here was grand. One overlooks the Caribean Sea and the whole harbor. It is a grand sight. The intensely blue sea was dotted with sails and I could see a rain-storm sweeping across in one place.

I enjoyed the beautiful scene as long as I dared and then took another path which went straight down to the shore. The path there and I had to go along the shore as best I could. I came to a steep bank and as I could not go around it I climbed to the top and worked my way through the brush of cactus &c. to a path which I discoverd by hearing some negroes talking. I went along as fast as I could and got on board just as they were getting ready to cast off. When we cast off the captain and the pilot disagreed and the steamer came very near drifting ashore, as it was her keel grazed the mud. Then after just scraping the dry dock we finally stood out of the harbor. Then the rolling motion began again and St. Thomas gradually disappeared behind us. It belongs to Denmark but about all languages are spoken here. A good part of the inhabitants is negroes. We saw several afflicted with leprosy They were a horrible sight with their feet swollen enormously. It was a little after noon when we left St. Thomas, a half day spent to good advantage. The pilot after guiding us out of the harbor went over to his station on a small island outside the harbor and all we could see of his small boat was the red flag with the white cross bobbing up and down on the waves. There were islands in sight all the rest of the day, some of them just visible on the horizon, but we did not pass very near any of them. They are very bold in outline, rising straight out of the sea. We have made arrangements to get better food with the porter for the rest of the voyage. We took on five more passengers at St. Thomas Two of them Spaniards from Cuba, one an Italian, one an old white-bearded negro, a dentist and a deceitful looking fellow, of doubtful nationality though he claims to be a yankee, and an Irishman belonging to Pernambuco.

29th. The weather was very fine. There were islands in sight most of the time today. Will has been sick from eating too much fruit.

30th Beautiful weather. Passed more islands today. Went by Guadalupe in the afternoon. It is a very mountainous island. Its peaks were wrapt in clouds all the time the island was in sight. The island looks like a paradise. We passed so close that we could see the town with the fortifications and various buildings quite plain. We could see large cane-fields up the side of the mountain. We also noticed a row of beautiful palm trees near a sugar factory. The island continually changed its outline as we sailed by coming within less than a quarter of a mile of the southern point so that we could easily distinguish the different trees growing on the steep side of the mountain and cattle in a more open spot. In one place where a cliff ran out into the sea the spray was dashed to an enormous height. We passed other islands after leaving Guadalupe behind us but none of them could compare with it in beauty, verdure, and grandeur. Some of the islands were very steep and the waves dashed against them with great force. When the sun went down Martinique was in sight all wrapt in mist.

31st. It rained today. We are out of sight of land now.

April 1st. One of our chief amusements is watching the flying fish. There are a great many of them since we have got into Caribbean waters. They really fly and not only leap as some persons claim. They can change their course and go up and down at will to avoid the waves as they skim over the surface of the water. They are a beautiful sight as they rise out of the water, often in flocks, reflecting the sunlight from their fins.

Apr. 2nd. Saw several "Portuguese Man of War," a kind of jelly fish. They look like a great purple and red soap-bubble as they float by and disappear in the foam.

Apr 3rd. We have very fine Weather with rain between. Thought I saw some birds following the boat so we went to the ~~bow~~ stern to see. They were a flock of Stormy Petrels. They are about the size of a swallow and also have a similar flight. They are black with a white spot on the rump. They kept close to the boat whirling over the water with great rapidity, occasionally hovering over something thrown overboard and then rapidly coming up to the boat again.

Occasionally the whole flock would settle on something thrown overboard and we would leave them far behind, but in a little while, they would be again following closely. There must be about twenty in the fock. Apr. 4th. Went aft this morning and found the Petrels still following us. There seem to be more than there were yesterday. The sailors consider them an omen of good weather. After dark we went to the stern again to watch the phosphourescense stirred up by the propeller. The whole sea is ~~Apr. 5th~~ luminous. every wave is capped with phosphourescence, the whole sea is luminous to the very horizon. We have seen phosphourescense on previous nights but only when the propeller stirred up the water but to night the whole sea is luminous.

Apr. 5th. We passed the light-ship in the mouth of the Amazon about two o'clock this morning. It was a little two-masted vessel with a common lantern hung between the masts, the poorest excuse for a light-ship I ever expect to see. After we had seen the lightship we turned in again.

In the morning when we got up there was a strip of low land covered with trees visible to our left. To the right there was no land visible except a few small islands covered with trees just visible on the horizon.

A large flock of scarlet Ibis flying in the shape of a letter V, like geese, passed over at a great height. We followed them with our eyes as long as we possibly could, and as long as we could distinguish them they retained their bright red unimpaired by distance. Towards noon we were sailing much closer to shore so that we could distinguish the different kinds of trees &c. The water is very turbid, being a muddy yellow. Branches, grass, leaves, fruits, trees &c. are constantly floating by us. Every little while we can see picturesque, red-tiled houses peeping out between the foliage, and now and then a little church with its white front, or a tile-factory. Everything looks verdant and peaceful, like an earthly paradise. All along the shore we can see white herons flying about. There are many fishing boats, little canoes with sails of the richest red or yellow. They sit on the water like a nut-shell. So we went along the shore admiring the scenery, each new bit coming in view appearing more beautiful than those just passed. Finally Pará came in view, though quite a distance up, appearing to be on a point running out into the river. After passing the fort or signal station we finally dropped our anchor quite close to the shore about 3 P.M.

It is Palm Sunday today. The custom house is closed and as we intend to take our baggage ashore with us we will have to wait until tomorrow. The sun is very warm and everybody on board is dressed as cool as possible. So we hang around on deck enjoying the view of the town and the shipping and watching the men unload. The cargo, mostly flour, is taken away on lighters. Negroes naked to the waist handle the barrels. We engaged a boatman to take us ashore tomorrow. The town is very interesting. A grassy square, which seems to be the market-place, and a row of stately palm trees on the front street give the town a very pleasant appearance. There is a large cathedral with a couple of low steeples to the right of the square

Also what appears to be the wall of a fort, very old-looking, and all covered with beautiful fresh green foliage. We can see the people on shore and once every little while a horse-car passes. Another feature is the many vultures; in the palm-trees congregating on the roofs of the buildings, and whirling gracefully in the air.

Apr. 6th. Got up with the first gleam of daylight. They have been unloading flour all night. The sunrise was very beautiful. Later in the morning we had a shower but it passed over in a few minutes. Finally about half-past eight our boatman came alongside. He showed his pass to the custom-house officer, who found it all right, so we got ready to have our baggage lowered. The boatman rowed up a ways and then drifted down to the bow of the steamer, where the two trunks were lowered to the boat. Then we went down the side and in company with one of the custom-house officers were pulled towards shore. We found the officer a very polite fellow who, fortunately for us, spoke English a little. Then we had our trunks brought up the steps to the top of the wharf, and after getting up ourselves with the rest of the baggage, he took us to a little house where there were some officers and after speaking to them a minute, to the custom-house.

It is a large, massive, stone building and was once a convent, I believe. Passing the sentinel under the porch we went through a hallway with boxes and other goods piled up everywhere. From here we came into a large room where we were requested to wait awhile. The room was large and cool, and while waiting we amused ourselves #watching the people on the street and catching some minute beetles that were flying about in the room. The horse-cars pass by every few minutes on a narrow track and seem to be pretty well patronized. The conductor blows a whistle that sounds very much like our fish-horns at home, every time he gets to a crossing. After waiting until we were tired we were called to sign some papers and then taken to another room where our baggage was to be examined. It was wheeled in and we opened everything for examination.

Senior Castillo Branco, the officer who came ashore with us, explained to them that we were naturalists and had nothing subject to duty. So after making a slight examination they allowed us to pack up our baggage again and take it out. Senior Branco said we might leave it in the store of a friend of his just opposite, so we had them brought there and started out with him to find a place to board at. There were several hotels on the square opposite the custom house but they were all too dear. So he took us up a street to a cheap boarding-house where we made arrangements for staying until a boat should go up the Amazon.

Senior Branco then took us to a little shop on a corner nearly opposite and introduced us to a young French fellow who spoke English quite well. After a pleasant chat we bade our new friends good-bye and went back to our boarding-place to get breakfast. It was substantial and very good. As soon as we were through with breakfast we started out to have a look around.

First we went down to the store again where we had left our baggage, and got our butterfly-nets and a box. Then we went onto the front street and went eastward. In a short time we came to where there were some flowering weeds growing on the side of the street, here we got several butterflies. We kept on eastward the streets growing more grassy, and the houses smaller and farther apart as we went along. We passed two canals with many smaller boats in them, lying on the mud, the tides being out.

When we had got quite a ways out a shower came up suddenly, and as we had been warned not to expose ourselves on account of the yellow fever, we stood under the eaves of a dilapidated building until the shower had passed. Soon we came to an avenue of palms with swampy land to the right. There was a ditch with water alongside of the street, this we crossed on a board and went along the edge of a ditch running crossways. The ground was pretty swampy grown over with grass and shrubbery. There were a good many butterflies flying about and we immediately went to work collecting. I caught my net in a kind of very thorny shrub several times and had great trouble to undo it again. We had very good success collecting. Finally we came to another street and followed it to the east again.

We now began to suffer very much from the sun, which shone down directly on us the shrubbery being to low to give any shade. We could see clumps of tall and spreading trees on each side of road but could not get to them on account of the ditches of muddy water on each side of the road. I felt so giddy that I could hardly walk and wholly disregarded the butterflies dancing along the road.

We came by what appeared to be the slaughter-house. Everything was covered with vultures, the sheds, fences, trees, poles &c. and even the street was covered with them. Presently we came to higher ground. We sat down in the shade of some trees and bushes completely overcome by the heat.

I felt just as if I were burning all over and my pulse beat very rapidly. But after a little rest I entirely recovered myself so I followed a path into the bushes a little ways.

The bushes were very thick and I only went a little ways. I got several butterflies and saw a very pretty little humming bird of a golden-brown color. Just as I was coming out I saw a couple of beautiful green long-horn beetles climbing up the trunk of a palm tree and put them in my alcohol-bottle. We followed the street again going by small one storied houses and mud-huts. At a corner we came to a well in the shade of some trees and bushes. We got some water which a loosely-clad indian woman dipped for us in a bucket. The well was dug right into the clay without anything to support the sides. There were simply some boards (very rotten at that) around the top to keep it from being trodden down. Will gave the woman some money and then we left, turning into a broad street flanked by bushes. We turned into a little path to the right and suddenly found ourselves in an open spot shaded by large trees. There was a house beyond just visible among the trees. It was a delightfully cool place. Will sat down under one of the trees but the butterflies would not let me rest. There were some beautiful Heliconius and a Morpho flew by, almost taking my breath away with admiration. There were many smaller butterflies flitting among the bushes.

We stayed as long as we dared and then started back for town. As we got to the spring where we had stopped before it began to rain so we got under the trees to wait for it to pass over. The indian family who lived right by invited us to come in, so we followed them to the house. It was an old mud hovel ~~hovel~~ covered with palm-thatch and in very ruinous condition. We took our seat on a bench in the kitchen, that is the shed back of the house under which the cooking is done. There were several boys in the family and a girl. The girl was very good looking and evidently had white blood in her veins as appeared from the light color of her skin and hair. She had a beautiful rounded form which showed up to good advantage with the airy dress she had on — at home it would hardly pass as a shirt. We got back to our boarding place late in the afternoon and were just going to sit down to dinner when a couple of negroes came up stairs and adressed us in English. They had seen our trunks at the store near the custom house and wanted to know if we would hire them to bring them up. We went down with them and carried the small baggage. When we got the trunks up, (they brought them up on a small truck, no easy job on the rough pavement) we paid them and asked them to find out when a steamer left for Santarem. Then we sat down to our supper but before we had time to finish it one of the negroes came back and said the steamer left that very night. So we finished as quickly as possible and went to the wharf with him. It was nearly dark and they were just about to close it. We found that we would have to go on board by boat and pay our passage on board.

So we went up to get the baggage as quick as we could, and with our young French friend to help us, got our baggage on the boatman's wharf just as a severe rain-storm commenced. As soon as we touched the wharf we were surrounded by a crowd of boatmen all eager to take us but none of them willing to come down in price. Finally one of them agreed to take us for two milreis, so as soon as the rain lift of a little we embarked with a hearty good-bye and bon voyage from the young Frenchman. Our steamer is called the Hipmana, and is to leave at ten o'clock. When we got on board we found that the passengers all slept in hammocks slung wherever there was room. So as soon as we got of our wet coats we followed suit and got the hammocks we had brought with us out of our trunks and hung them up. We found it very uncomfortable sleeping in our hammocks, they are too small and stiff.

The hammocks here are of cloth, generally with a broad fancy fringe on each side, and very large and comfortable. The passengers are mostly indians, men, women, & children.

I notice one of the women every time she wakes up takes a little long-stemed pipe and goes to smoking. The passengers are at the bow, the center being occupied by the two engines which drive the paddle-wheels, and the bow by the boilers (below deck), wood, and the crew.

April 7th. When I awoke this morning it was just beginning to grow light. I had been very uncomfortable towards morning on account of the cold. The land for the most part is very distant, only narrow strips being visible on the horizon, with sea horizon between. Later in the day we got a little better view of the shore, occasionally getting a glimpse of a house between the foliage.

Land on the extreme horizon has a very curious appearance looking as if it floated in the air above the water. The fare on board is quite fair. Coffee and crackers for breakfast, and beef and farinha for dinner.

Apr. 8th. We have been going in narrow channels all day. The forest comes right to the waters edge The trees are so overgrown with vines and creepers that we can only occasionally get a glimpse of tree trunks, except where there is a settlement. The houses are all solitary and pretty far apart They are built on piles and have a landing place running out into the water. We stopped at several to unload goods, and to take on wood. The wood is handed down stick for stick from the pile on the end of the wharf. The sticks are counted. They pass through four or five hands in being piled up on deck. The huts we have seen seem to be those of rubber collectors. The ground below the house is muddy and the forest hems the place in closely from every side. A few banana trees and some sugar cane besides a few other things are generally the only signs of cultivation. When the steamer lands at one of these places ~~the~~ a canoe, generally manned by a couple of boys, takes one of the ropes on shore, while the other one is thrown to the wharf. These little indian-boys paddle very rapidly using a paddle with a circular blade often decorated in several colors. Their canoes are very prettily shaped and so small that it hardly seems as if it would hold them up.

I have been admiring the beautiful vegetation along the banks all day hardly giving myself time to eat. The houses of the rubber-collectors are especially picturesque, each one as it came in sight seeming prettier than the one just passed. We have had several showers both yesterday and today. We stopped at only ~~[illegible]~~ one town which seemed to consist simply of a row of houses with a wide beach in front. There were a pair of scarlet ibis of the most brilliant red, wading along the shore, evidently tame.

Apr. 9th. We are on the Main Amazon today as I immediately recognized by the different aspect of the shores. The shores are much farther apart today but the steamer keeps very close to the shore on account of the current, steamers on the way down taking the middle of the stream. The shores look much different today; there is no wall of foliage shutting of the view into the forest, but one can look right into the forest and see the white tree-trunks, the lianas hanging down, and the palm trees. It looks very wild, just as if the edge had been torn away and has not got that peaceful pleasing appearance of the side channels. I got out at a place, where we stopped to take on wood, to collect butterflies. A stream emptied in here and on the other side in some large trees were large flocks of parrots, keeping up a harsh screaming. We saw several flocks fly over. I found it very muddy on shore and only got a few butterflies. There are a good many Uranius moths and I have been trying to catch one from the boat as they fly by, but did not succeed. Tuesday a pair of terns followed us, now their number has increased considerably and just before sunset the air was filled with them darting in every direction as they followed the boat.

In the afternoon we went on shore at another place, where the steamer stopped to take on wood. There was a large banana orchard behind the house and we had very good success collecting. We got several beautiful Heliconius, black with a patch of bright red on the fore wings. We got two other kinds of Heliconius, brown and yellow with black markings. We also frightened out some dark coloured moths from under a fallen tree-trunk but could not get any. The moskitoes were very troublesome in the shade of the trees and whenever I stopped to put up a butterfly they absolutely covered my face and hands.

Apr. 10th. After breakfast, this morning, I was just going to remark to Will that we ought to be getting in sight of the hills of Almeirim, when he said there were some hills ahead, which seemed remarkable to him as he had understood the whole Amazon Region to be perfectly level. The country is more open today and we often get glimpses of prairie land.

The table topped hills were in sight nearly until we got to Santarem. While stopping for wood at a good sized establishment, we went ashore to collect. Crossing a sandy space we noticed large numbers of little snipe running about.

We rambled through a large Cacao orchard, but found it rather poor collecting. Some of the passengers were on shore getting fruits.

We tasted some cacao, which they break open and suck the seeds, which are surrounded by a juicy substance before they are ripe. We also tasted a Mango and some sugar-cane. The Mango especially had a very pleasant taste.

When we neared Santarem, towards afternoon hills appeared on the southern side; the hills of Almeyrim, which we have passed being on the north side of the river. The first glimpse we got of Santarem was a long, sandy beach with houses peeping through the trees here and there. Then we could see ~~some~~ a large white building with a row of trees in front and a large grassy space behind with a picturesque looking church of dark-colored stone in the background.

We could easily tell when we got into the waters of the Tapajoz the line of demarcation between its black waters and the yellow water of the Amazon being very distinct.

The steamer came alongside a large substantial wharf which was so high that we had some trouble in climbing up from the steamer.

We met an American who offered to conduct us to Mr. Rhome. So we had our baggage lifted onto the wharf by means of a crane; the negroes who handled our trunks, although they looked like a pair of Hercules, did a good deal of grumbling, remarking that the trunks must be full of money to be so heavy.

The stoutest one of the two negroes absolutely refused to help the other one with the second trunk and let him pull it alone.

After we had seen the trunks safely on the wharf, which took quite a while, we followed the American gentleman to Mr. Rhome's store. On the sandy beach to the left of the wharf were crowds of washerwomen, all of dark color with more or less negro-blood in their veins, who were bleaching clothing in the sun, throwing water on it with a calabash, or squatting in the water, washing. They are very loosely clad and with a few exceptions hatless.

The American told us that they washed extremely clean, washing the linen far whiter than in the states. In fact on a visit to the States the washing there looked extremely dingy to him. We went to the right into the town proper, going along an extremely rough street, all ploughed up by the rain and strewn with rough stones. The houses are mostly one storied, covered with tiles, and plastered; although some are two storied, and some with front finished of with the beautiful glazed tiles, like many of the houses in Pará. Any quantity of the most miserable looking, skinny, cur dogs were prowling about the streets. We found Mr. Rhome keeping store in company with a Mr. Wallace, seeming to do a good business.

He offered us lodgings and board in his house until we should find a suitable place to put up at. Meanwhile we amused ourselves by enjoying the beautiful view along the beach and up the Tapajos. The land right opposite is an island and separates the Amazon from the Tapajos running out into a long tongue of grassy land. The island seems to be mostly grassland with patches of woods between. There are also two or three houses visible between the trees. On the west to prospect dwindles away from a broken line of trees, reaching from the island, to a clear sea horizon.

There are a great many boats of all sizes, large two-masted vessels anchored off shore, and, especially in the evening, a perfect line of canoes all along the beach. These canoes are called montarias, many of them have an arched covering made of palm leaves, and a mast.

It was quite late in the evening when we went up to the house to sleep. We slung our hammocks in the same room with Mr. Rhome and slept much more comfortable than on the steamer, where we suffered considerable from cold especially the last night on board on account of a strong wind, which occasionally sent a wave on deck.

Mr Rhome has a beautiful panther skin at the side of his bed.

Apr. 11th. Took a short walk before breakfast past the church a broad, white, ugly-shaped thing without steeple. A little ways farther up is a large grassy square with trees at the upper and lower ends. The grass and foliage was very wet from the dew. Got back a little before breakfast time. On a dead tree in front of Mr. Rhome's store are some flycatchers with long forked tails which we watch with great interest. I also got a few bark-beetles under the bark of this tree together with a beautiful weevil with a very long proboscis.

After breakfast went up river along the praia or beach to collect butterflies and see the country.

The upper part of the town is inhabited by the indian population. The dwellings are mostly huts of palm-thatch with a clay floor. The kitchen is a shed back of the house. These houses generally look very neat and are kept very clean. There were even American sewing machines in some of them. Many of the houses have yards surrounded by high stake fences overgrown with a climbing plant of a very bright green with little yellow flowers. Curious shrubs and trees peep over these fences, all new to us. At the end of the town a path begins hedged in on each side by trees and bushes covered with vines and parasites with an occasional break in the wall of foliage giving a view of the beach and the Tapajoz. There are several indian huts and clearings along this path which is very pleasant. It opens out into a sandy campo sparsely covered with grass and a few low trees and bushes. There is an enormous quantity of wasps in the hot sand which fly around ones head with a loud buzzing.

They do not seem to sting anyone as the people walk right along without paying any attention to them.

There is a little pond here called the Lagin connected with the river by a narrow inlet and with a swamp in the middle of the little campo by a little stream of running water which I crossed on the stem of a palm-tree. The pond is nearly all chocked up with water plants and there are palms and various bushes and trees growing in the water so that I should say the water was much lower in the dry season. After crossing the stream I passed an indian hut and following the path through the thick bushes which lined the pond came out upon a piece of pretty open pasture where some horses were feeding. To the the left was an old plantation with many palm trees some of them bearing large clusters of an orange-coloured fruit. Then the path took me through under trees and bushes again leading by a goodsized mud-house covered with tiles and having wooden floors, a rare thing in this country. I entered the place through a pretty porch, little ground doves, which are very common all over the more open country, flew into the bushes in a little flock making considerable whirring with their wings for such a small bird.

There is a row of beautiful cocoa-palms in front of the house, with nuts nearly ripe. The enclosure around the house (quite large) was evidently once under cultivation but has relapsed into jungle, being a perfect tangle of bushes and vines. To the right of the house is a large mango tree with its beautiful mass of dark-green foliage. There was much decaying fruit on the ground, as the tree was in full bearing, and on this and the trunk of the tree were many butterflies. A gray kind with black marbling on the wings was especially common.

I went some ways beyond here along the shore until I came to a path going away from the water, which I followed. It took me through under mango trees to a shady and very pleasant road which ends at a saw-mill a little ways beyond. I saw some of the gray butterflies pursuing each other around a palmtree with great rapidity making a loud rattling noise, with their wings I suppose. They were near the top of the palm and I could not catch them. I got back and had dinner about five oclock. We took a bath this evening on the beach in front of Mr. Rhome's store. Some frogs were making a loud peculiar drumming noise, beginning about dark. To our surprise we found the water quite cold and we hesitated a little before plunging in. Once wet, we found the bath very refreshing and enjoyed it immensely.

Apr. 12. It is Sunday today. They call people to church here by firing of rockets which burst in the air with a loud report, and by ringing some bells with great rapidity. This bell ringing is most distressing and drove us allmost crazy before it stopped. I slept very uncomfortably last night There was a rainstorm with strong wind blowing which seemed to shake the whole house. Some rain came pouring down between the tiles of the roof in a little stream right into my ear. After breakfast I went out collecting with Mr. Rhome's little boy and Mr. Wallace's little boys. We went to the uninhabited house up the beach which I visited yesterday. The boys took a butterfly-net with them to help me collect. Will could not go as he had a lot of rings to engrave for a Portuguese merchant. We caught many butterflies. On the open spaces overgrown with weeds are many little butterflies, mostly skippers, besides other larger ones. I recognized as the commonest Pieris monuste, Calydrias eubule, + Euptoieta hegesia, all three found in the southern part of the U.S.. There were some skippers with long tails also quite common. When we got up to the old house the boys went into the bushes to look for fruit. First we got a kind of fruit which was yellow and the shape and size of a good sized plum. It had three or four large stones filling the centre. The meat is very sweet and jelly-like. We ate of these until we could eat no more and then went at the Bitombas, a fruit which grows in large clusters on a vine. The fruit is simply an oblong stone covered with a thin shell. You suck the stone which is covered with a thin layer of very sweet jellylike meat. When we had eaten all the fruit we could hold we set to catching butterflies under the mango tree. I caught a beautiful butterfly sitting on a decaying mango. Above it was a beautiful velvet black with a bar of bright blue through the wings. Below it was a dull yellowish color with obscure markings. I also caught a gracefully shaped butterfly with very long tails, which however was worthless as it was much broken. Under the veranda at the back of the house I caught a large skipper and several small moths. The boys cut a pole (between) so that they could carry home some of the bitombas them. When we got down to the beach we undressed under some trees and took a bath in the clear water. We got home quite late the others having eate dinner quite a while ago. Yesterday the man in charge of the wharf delivered our trunks, charging us four milries for the trouble.

Apr. 16. Have been collecting insects in the vicinity of the town. Today went on a longer excursion with Will, he taking the gun and I the butterfly-net. We started off down river towards the Amazon walking along the sandy beach that extends for a couple of miles below the town. There is an impenetrable line of trees and shrubbery back of the beach. There are several houses along here; the last one, an old tile-factory with a large Mango-tree in front, is very picturesque. At the end of the beach we found a path going into the woods which we took. At first the path was hot and sandy leading through small trees and bushes growing in a dense mass, but presently the trees grew higher and the foliage overarched the path making it very pleasant and shady. In a short time we came out onto a campo hemmed in on the sides by woods. The grass had a very fresh appearance. On the side towards the Amazon there was a tangled mass of shrubbery with big trees amongst them, mostly dead. There were many birds on this campo, and after shooting several times we got a blackbird with an enormous bill, very common here. There were also many flowers on the edge of the campo, a large morning-glory of a purplish pink being especially conspicuous. We followed the path again and soon came to a small stream which probably dries nearly up in the dry season, but now was so wide that we got our feet wet through in crossing to the other side. We found a path running down to the river side of the brook but when we got into the woods we found the water all over the path so we went into the thicket in order to reach the river. The forest was very damp and the trees and lianas so thick that we got along very slowly. Will killed a bird which looks much like our Brown Thrush but runs up the side of a tree like a woodpecker. When we got down to the shore we found that it would be impossible to follow it, so we retraced our steps and continued our way across the campo. At one place which seemed once to have been settled were fruit-trees and some very large, stately trees unknown to me. The path kept to the right away from the river and wound among bushes and trees; but towards the river the campo is free from trees to the edge of the forest along the banks. After an interesting walk of some length the path took us into the woods, and so beautiful was this path, that stood for a while in admiration. The foliage overhead was so thick that there were only occasional patches of sunlight on the path, ~~which was~~. Among the foliage along the sides the beautiful leaves of a stemless palm, used by the natives for thatching their houses, was very conspicuous the leaves being at least a dozen feet in length. There were many beautiful butterflies along here, but I did not have time to catch many as Will wished to push on as far as possible. Finally we came to open country again and went down towards the water, across the campo to a grove of palm-trees. Beyond was a swamp full of high grass in which we could see white herons flying about. As we found water here we dressed the birds we had killed for we were by this time pretty hungry. There was a flock of paroquets flying about, chattering terribly. They were kept on the wing by some large black and white Hawks that would swoop down at them whenever they allighted. We fired at the paroquets a number of times as they flew by without succeeding in getting any. These paroquets look very pretty when flying, the secondaries being white. We went back to the woods after dressing our birds to cook them. The nearest wood was a grove of Mango-trees and there were many of the fruits on the ground. We found that we could not start a fire as the leaves and wood were too damp So we contented ourselves with eating the delicious mangos and resting a while.

While catching a beautiful butterfly I got some of the long and extremely sharp spines from a specie of palm into my knee. This specie of palm is armed with spines all over, from the base of the trunk to the tip of the leaves.

Will killed three of the paroquets in a tree after straining his eyes considerable to see them as they are the same color as the foliage.

After a little rest we started back to town, it being already late in the day. When we had passed the woods and got into the campo we noticed large numbers of a kind of dove, which seems to show itself more towards evening.

I saw a beautiful bird, black with a bright red breast, sitting on a blade of grass. I fired at it, but it flew a~~ll~~ways before falling.

I went directly to the spot where it fell and was so fortunate as to find it. It was a kind of blackbird (starling). When we had got to the beach we managed to get a fire agoing and roast the birds we had.

When we got through it was nearly dark but there was no danger of loosing the way now, as we had the beach before us. It was quite late when we arrived in town and some dinner sent by Mrs. Wallace was very welcome.

17th. Skinned two of the paroquets and blackbird. Wrote letters home.

19th. Went to a funeral this afternoon. The coffin is carried to the cemetery by bearers led by the priest with his staff in their robes. The friends of the deceased follow behind with uncovered heads. All the people on the street through which the funeral passes uncover their heads. Arrived at the grave-yard a bell in front of the little chapel is rung. The cemetery is small and looks very desolate. It is surrounded by a stone wall. When the grave yard gets to full the oldest graves are dug up and the coffins with the bones thrown over the wall.

None but good catholics can be buried inside the enclosure. When the burial was over we visited the burying ground of the jews and of some foreigners. The path led towards the campo back of the town. It went near a gully worn by the rains leading through thickets of bushes ~~with~~ and low trees with open places, with a sparse growth of grass, between. The country looks very dry and desolate. The jewish burying place was simply an open place among the bushes, the graves being built over with stone, one in the shape of a coffin, another one covered by a big slab. Just beyond are the graves of a few Americans.

26th. Made an excursion alone along the paiha to the mango trees we had visited on the 16th. This time I followed the path far beyond where we went that day. For a good ways the path led alternately through campo country and beautiful mango groves with their rich dark green foliage. Passing the first piece of campo I met an indian with his wife who, it seems, had been hunting. He carried no gun only a big knife. He had a beautiful little Armadilo having his wife to carry a big, fat Paca, an animal belonging to the same class as our woodchuck and like it living in a hole in the ground. However it is very much larger and prettily marked with several rows of white spots on the sides. I let the couple pass and on reaching the grove of mangos they took a side path to their house. Wishing to get a drink of water I followed them. The house was one of the usual palm thatch huts and small for the size of the family.

I sat down on a bench which the old man offered me until one of the naked children, of which there was quite a flock, brought me a drink of cool water in a calabash. After thanking him I passed on, passing other houses at intervals built in open places among the trees.

Finally I again reached thick woods, the path being shady with patches of sunlight upon it. The effect is very refreshing on first entering from the burning heat of the open country.

The large stemless palm used by the natives for thatching their houses is very common along these paths, being one of the principal features. I followed this path quite a distance until I came to an impassable brook with many tall and beautiful palms on its banks. So I turned round and took another path a little ways back which led inland. I followed it a distance, but finding that it was getting late returned by the road I had come reaching town a little after dark having had good success with the butterflies and caught many interesting species. Apr. 28th. Went to Diamantina today.

Got started rather late. First went to John Emmet one of the Americans here to get the directions. He was in a half-drunken state, the way he has been every time I have seen him so far. He insisted on my staying to breakfast and afterwards got his son Bill, who is somewhat deaf, to accompany me. The road was straight and, with the exception of a rocky knoll a little beyond the town, perfectly level gradually rising towards the interior.

Billy accompanied me as far as the place where the road to Marani branches off, as from there I could not miss the way. I found the long walk across the campo very trying, it being very sandy and the sun very hot. The trees are scattered and not very large so that there is very little shade. I felt very much relieved when I finally reached more wooded country.

At first the forest was only a thick mass of low trees and brush but after a while the trees grew taller and the path was more shady. Found the road very long and what made me feel it the more was the total absence of water. Crossed two water-courses on wooden bridges but they were perfectly dry. On nearing the Serra as the table land is called, there were many clearings on the sides of the road and finally I crossed a running stream and turned left to a house to get a drink of water.

I then took the road once more and finally reached a large enclosure, which I guessed rightly to be the end of my journey.

There was a good picket fence with large gate and inside a row of orange trees running along it. On the right it was bounded by a good sized running stream with rich vegetation on its banks. Some distance back was the dwelling house, not yet finished, a very pretty building with veranda on each side, arched doors and windows, and tiled roof.

To the right was the kitchen and store room, and further to the right, over the brook, a pretty little bath-house. The house looked very pretty, surrounded as it was by different fruit trees. There did not seem to be anyone at home so I sauntered towards the gate again when a young man entered and welcomed me very heartily. He was one of the two brothers who now own the place, the father & mother and one brother being already dead. He took me to their saw-mill and cane mill on the edge of ~~the~~ a little pond at the foot of the serra. The cane mill is a new one their father having brought it from the U.S. a short time before he died, and is said to be the best one on the Amazon. Just before supper the elder brother put in his appearance. He looked thin & careworn while his brother is quite stout and seems to enjoy much better health.

Towards evening a few neighbors came in to buy their necessaries — whiskey, sugar &c. One of them, a tall man with animated features and light hair & blue eyes did not look like a Brazilian to me. I was on the point of inquiring when he spoke to me in French and not succeeding with that, tried German.

I now found that he was a German who had already lived many years in Brazil and was married to a native. After a pleasant conversation in which he spoke Portuguese to Mr. Riker, German to me, and Mr. Riker and I English so that by means of the three languages we managed to understand each other, he bid me good bye with the hope of meeting me again. After supper sat down on the veranda and had a pleasant conversation with the two proprietors and finally retired to our hammocks in the little sleeping apartment. Here we kept up the conversation by lamplight quite a while longer. Finally when we did want to go to sleep we found it impossible on account of the many mosquitos which had entered, and these with the itching causes by a little flea which gets onto ones legs from the grass, made sleep, at least for me, impossible so that I was glad when morning finally came. 29th. On a thicket of weeds in the back part of the inclosure I had very good success collecting beetles. Took a walk to the top of the plateau with the younger Riker.

The road to the cane field on top which is cut in the side of the mountain is quite steep and the walk to the top is a little tiresome.

The soil is a red clay till near the top where there is a thick layer of black vegetable mould which makes excellent land for agriculture. From near the top one gets a good view of the Amazon valley, one vast plain covered with forest, with stretches of campo here and there and the arms and branches of the mighty river winding between. Near the top some tims flew over which made us wish we had taken a gun with us. The whole top of the table land is one vast forest extending far into the interior and nearly wholly unexplored. The cane fields here and at Moiaru and Panema are the only clearings on it. My guide tells me that the soil here is so rich that it is necessary to replant the cane only once in eight or ten years. A very heavy dew falls on top of this ridge, much heavier than in the plain below, and when we reached the top the grass was still wet. After ~~breakfast~~ looking after the workmen who were weeding the young cane we returned to the house and had breakfast. Collected a little after breakfast and then went to town with the younger brother in his buggy. The horse was very restless and the rougher the road the faster he went so that we were often in danger of getting thrown out. The road was quite good most of the way but in some places it was badly cut up by the recent rains. In the thick part of the woods where the trees are high there is a bird which gives a very loud screaming whistle which is repeated by others till the whole forest rings. Especially on hearing any noise such as a gun shot it sets up its cry especially loud. My companion told me it is a little brown bird very difficult to procure. When I got back to the house I found Will had had an attack of fever and was looking very bad. May 2nd. As Will felt well enough to take an excursion with me today, we started for Diamantina. In crossing the tract of open campo country one cannot help noticing the deceptive appearance they have, ~~of~~ being closely surrounded by thick forest which recedes as one advances resolving itself into singe trees + small groups.

We had just got fairly into the woods when it began to rain, so we got under some trees for shelter and let the heaviest shower pass. Will greatly felt the want of water so when we came to the house side of the road some distance before reaching the American place we both had a long drink of fresh water and passed on in much better spirits.

When we arrived we went to the cane mill and distillery with the older Riker. Just as he was going to enter he discovered a Jararaca a very poisonous snake, lying at the entrance. When we approached with sticks it ran into the mill and went below. We found it stretched out on a beam and dispatched it from above. It was of a coppery hue above and lighter beneath. Went to a dance of the natives a little ways below here with the two americans in the evening. We did not start until late and it was very dark.

Crossing the yard we could still tell where we were going, though with difficulty, but after we got into the shade of the trees it was utterly impossible to see ones hand before ones face, even our leader whom I followed close at the heel and who had on a brilliant white shirt, was wholly invisible to me most of the way, we following him by the sound of his footsteps & voice. I was much struck with the beauty of the houses of the white ants, which being covered with thousands of the little luminous animals shone like clusters of stars. Also occasionally a fire fly with its beautiful greenish light would flit through the trees.

Finally we arrived at the house where the "festa" was to be and the space being clear of trees we could distinguish surrounding objects. We crossed a piece of water on a board and crossing the open space entered the house. After being welcomed and seated we began to "take in" the surroundings. The house was one of the usual style in this country outside of the cities.

The walls were of mud with the lathwork of twigs showing through. The roof was of palm leaf straw. The house had two apartments; one, the one we were in, was simply furnished with a bench on each side on which the young men and the dark belles sat confronting each other. The other room was occupied by the old women + children swinging in their hammocks. The illumination of the little dance hall consisted of a smoking little kerosene lamp on a little board on each wall. Coffee was served + a little talking done, finally the dancing was started with a native dance which Hilbert Riker started. his brother furnishing the music on a German accordeon.

In this dance the man advances towards the lady with feet crossed keeping up a trippling step to the music + snapping his fingers with extended arms. The lady then gets up bashfully + occasionally raising her arms a little + snapping her fingers in a listless way, occasionally turning round, her cavalier dancing around her with gestures according to his own fancy all the time keeping up the snapping of the fingers. When the lady gets tired, another one relieves her and so it goes on, the men + women relieving each other till, when the thing begins to get tiresome the couple go to the musicians + thank him, when he stops. Later on some musicians came; a violinist, a man with a guitar, + another one with another small stringed instrument in very high key.

Walzes + Quadrilias were danced, the quadrilias being much like those with us with native variations. After each dance coffee is served around + between whiskey.

So the thing is kept up till morning without intermission, the orchestra playing as if for dear life. We went home with H. about 4 in the morning, the moon shining brightly through the trees.

May 3. We did not feel well today from staying up nearly all night yesterday. Did some collecting. Late in the afternoon after having taken a refreshing bath in the clear cool water of the brook which flows by the place we started for Santarem again. As we delayed some to catch butterflies it soon began to grow dark. At dusk many insects began to fly which had been hidden during the day. Huge beetles went buzzing along the road with a loud noise + such speed that we did not succeed in getting one of them. There were also many butterflies we noticed especially some large dark colored ones with beautiful eye spots on the wings, finally we managed to get one into the net. There were also many goatsuckers. They would squatt in the path + when frightened up would fly by so close that one could almost catch them with a net. Before we got halfway through the woods it was quite dark and in places where the trees overached we could not make out the road + went ahead by guesswork.

Caught a lightning bug it was of a specie of snapping beetle. Finally when we reached the campos it seemed near town but we had a good ways yet and finally got to the house all tired out the walking in the loose sand on the campos being very tiresome.

6. Went to Imara a collection of mandioca plantation by the side of a brook below here. After wandering through many fine plantations of manioca I came out upon a little very pretty campo surrounded on all sides by the woods. The grass was very close + nearly as high as my head. There were many mirita palms growing scattered about — a very fine palm. Crossing the little open place by the path ~~until~~ I came into low woods + finally came out on the campos near the igarape of

Mabica. 7. Went to Panema. The road goes across the campos rising a couple of miles from town + giving a view up the Tapajoz with its clear horizon + line of dotted trees, a fine view. Then the road goes down again and crosses a little brook, here the trees grow thick forming a belt of woods then the country gets more open again but the trees are higher + of different specie from those on the campo proper. Noticed a couple of the common campo paroquet who had a nest inside of one of the clay ants nests high up on a tree. There are two very conspicuous hills to the right of the road + a lower one to the left. The one farthest to the right is almost a perfect cone. As I passed I noticed stairs cut into the clay soil of the nearest one leading to the top. So I left the road + made for the mountain through the grass going around the clusters of trees + bushes. The steps were very much worn by the rain but helped considerable in getting to the top. The sides of the mountain are sparsely grown with grass + scattered trees. In some places rocks crop out. On top I found a grave which I rightly guessed to be that of Mr. Rhome's wife. The mountain is of irregular slope but does not vary much in hight in different parts. The sides are very steep. I went down on the opposite side again carefully + got onto the road. I should say these hills were about half way to the serra of Panema. As I left the hill ~~beh~~ behind me the country became more wooded, the forest being only interrupted by the maniva plantations which however were quite considerable. Crossed a considerable brook with deep clear water, where some women were washing. Finally reached the place of Mr. Douglas, a straw house like those of the natives, in fact he is married to a native & lives in their style. He was not at the house, but I found the two Wallace boys who took me to the top of the "serra". The road winds up the steep wooded side and it is quite a walk to the top. On top is a large plantation of Ind. corn, sugar cane & other vegetables. We found many beetles especially on a small patch of sweet potatoes which was alive with them. When we got back to the house we found Mr. D. had come back. He received me very heartily. After supper I started back to town with the two W. boys getting home long after dark. Mr. D. has much fowl & a very fine blue & yellow macaw, a beautiful bird. 16. Went to Dr. Pitt's distillery & cane mill at Mararu today. Found it a very long walk did not get there till late. The road goes through fine forest after leaving the campo. About half way are some plantations & a few houses. Stopped for supper & walked home most of the distance in the dark as I left there very late.

17 To Panema. Had very good success collecting. Went along a road on top of mountain, going to Mararu. Stayed overnight as I was feeling quite unwell. 18. The road going past here goes to a Sawmill formerly owned by Mr Wallace. While walking along this road I continually heard a loud cracking sound which at first I could not account for, till finally I found it was caused by some seeds which were dropping from the trees & cracked open on striking the ground. Visited old Emmet who is now living on his place out here raising tobacco. 22 Went to Mararu again, stayed till 26th. It rained several times every day so that I was much hindered in my collecting. Once got caught by a shower on the road on top of the serra and got completely wet through.

30 Were awakened in the night by some playing on the clarionet accompanied by guitar. We went out & listened as they played with much feeling. Afterwards a young man sang a very pretty song.

(31. Corpus Christi, a great holiday with the people here. Towards evening a procession started from the church being signalled by the usual discharge of skyrockets so indispensible with these people on every occasion. The procession was headed by boys with red or blue robes carrying the cross, banners, lanterns &c. then came the children, the girls all dressed in white, each with a burning wax taper in his hand.

Then came the bishop with a shade held over him carrying a golden (?) vessel and after came the crowd of people with candles in their hand, singing as they went along.

One of the principal features was a wooden image of the virgin mary richly bespangled but awfully stiff looking.

F

26 Sat. To Mango Tree & [illegible]
— met Indians with [illegible]
27 Sund.
28 Mon. [illegible]
29 Tues. Returned [illegible]
30 Wed.
31 Thurs.
1 Fri.
2 Sat. [illegible] with Pete
3 Sund. returned
4 Monday. took lamp with
5 Tues. still cleaning lamps
6 Wed. Mandric Plantations.
7 Thurs. Mr Douglas's place
8 Fri. [illegible]
Mond. 11th Pete to Mango
16 Sat. to [illegible] La Lea.
17 Sund. — Panama — [illegible]
arrived, [illegible]
to be quite a feature [illegible]

June 21-22 - Simmans + Diamant.
23.
24 Sketch Mountain on horseback.
25. Maunduba - Diamant. Marmar.
26 returned.
28. Up Amazon per canoe.
29 Skin Birds.
30 - 1. July.
J. Smab
Chicopee
Mass.
U.S. of A.
July 1. To Sagipa. Long + Fly watch
3. 4. - to Simmans.
5. Boat up Amazon.

15 Met Simon from Manaos
To Amanduba per canoe by night —
16. Get Baggage at daylight. Kill duck, Marreca. 2 White herons.
17 Kill duck in evening. Hmm &c.
18
19 - hunting per canoe.
20 night monkey.

21 Killed two monkeys while looking for Simmans to Sergipa colony -
22 Rain Stay around house
23 To town. Meet Will. Letter from home - Mail letter to Stricker -
24. Return to Hmmandaba — kill three Chameleon + Eat meat.
25 Spoil Skin " . Anahowa, a species of hawk. Cut my thumb bad.
26. Skin birds in spite of sore thumb after breakfast to Marans and back via Mountain Road. See monkeys hear Tigers. Nuphas + Bezoral.
27 Sun & Collect near house
29 To city per canoe, prizisa
29. Monkeys turtles walk home ~~on~~ Stung of ant. Will sick. letter
30. Collections - Monkeys Chameleon
Rain
~~Aug 3 to town with Will.~~
Aug 4. Return from town
Aug 13. To Hlungsee

22 Friday – To manura
23 stayed till Tues.
24 25 26.
27. Wed
28 Thurs. in Town.

30 Sat. [illegible]

31 Sund. Corp. Christi, Procession

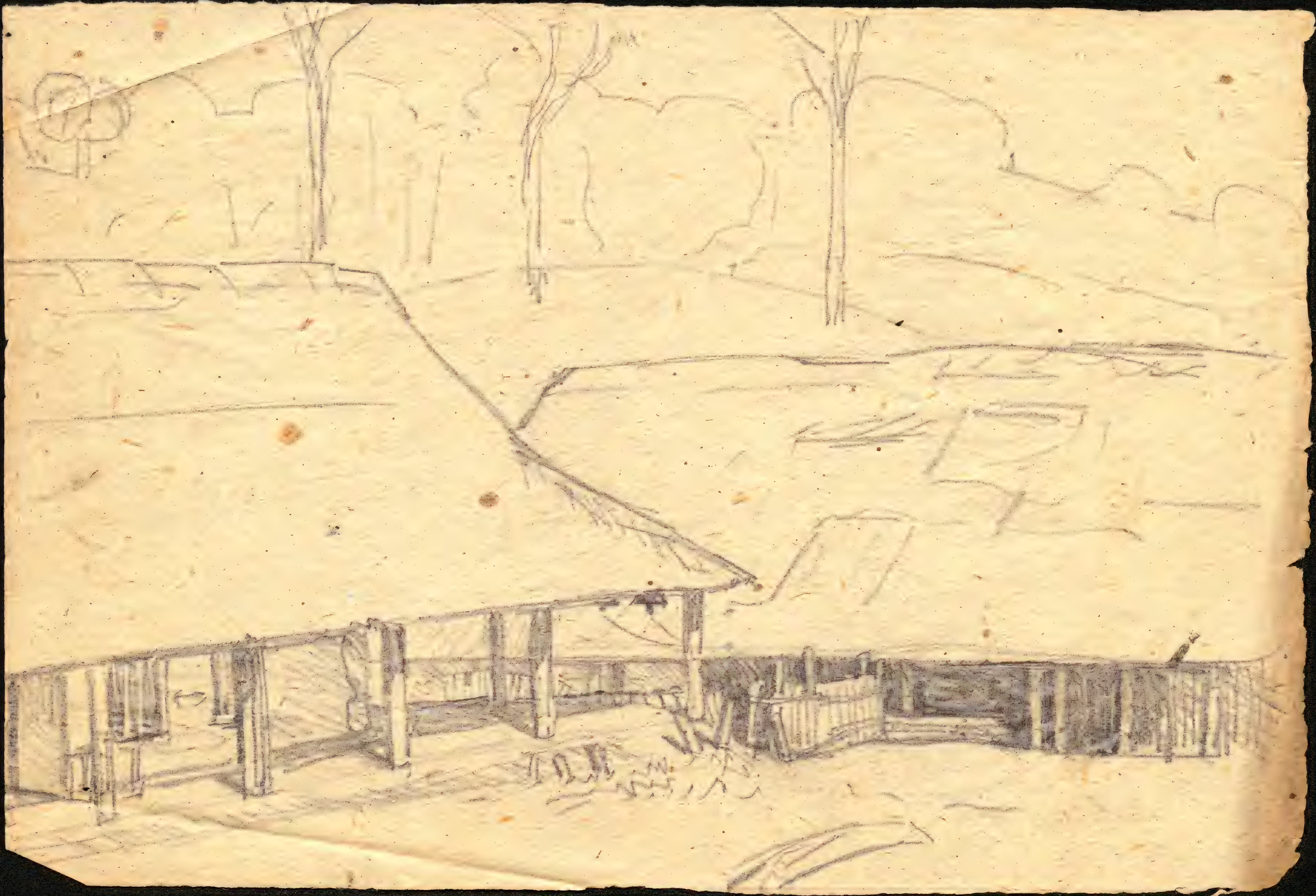
Tues. June 2. To Diamantina.
" 3 "
" 4 saw " [illegible]
5 Returned.

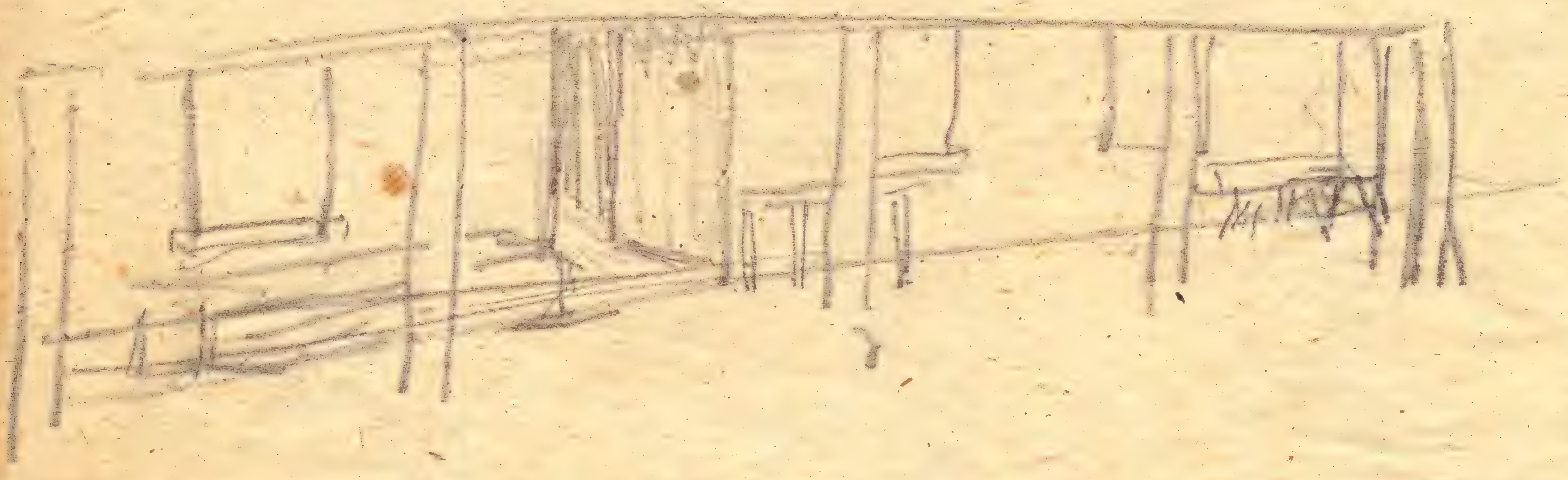
Sund. 7. [illegible]

8 [illegible] Letters.
9.
19 Arara. blue.
10 To [illegible] horseback.
11 [illegible]
12 – Feast, Bonfires, Dance.
13. – Horseback to mile
14. Wall gone to California.
15.

15 Horseback. [illegible]

26 Sat. To Mango trees & [illegible]
– met Indians with [illegible]
27 Sund.
28 Mon. To Diamantina
29 Tues. [illegible]
30 Wed.
31 Thurs.
1 Fri.
2 Sat. To Diamantina with [illegible]
3 Sund. returned.
4 Monday. took Lamp [illegible]
5 Tues. [illegible]
6 Wed. Mandue Plantation.
7 Thurs. Mr. Douglas's place
8 Fri. Town
Wed. 11th [illegible]
16 Sat. to [illegible]
17 Sund. – Pamonha – mine. d





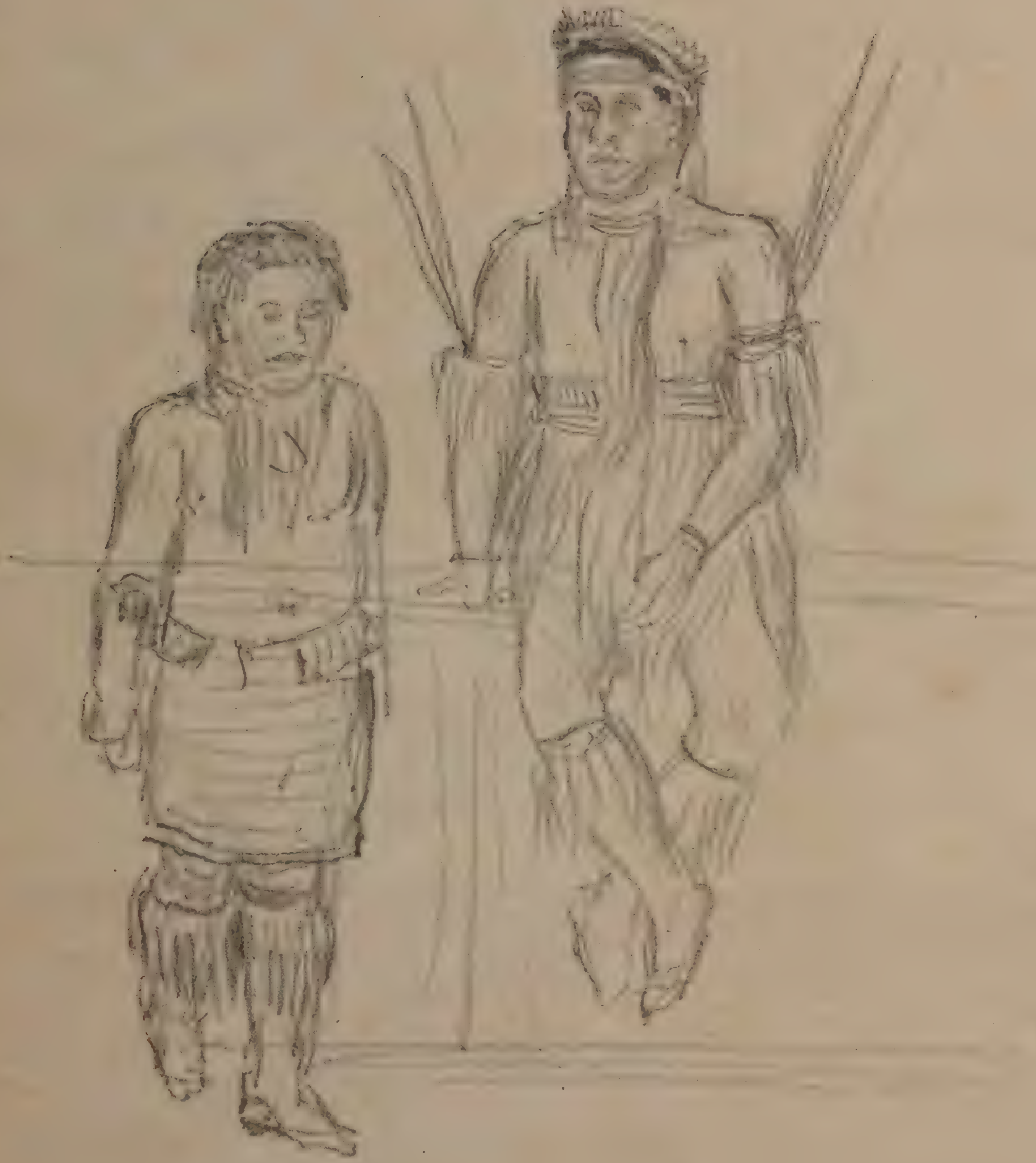
Nov. 5. Reached Fonte Boa about 7 a.m.
situated on a high bluff on the South
side of the River. The houses extending
for quite a distance along the top
of the bluff. Above the landing place
of the steamer a long island, & the
along the shore grass with the [illegible]
willows. Rained again to day. The
river is already rising again.
In many places the banks have
caved in from the rains as was
shown by the trees with fresh
leaves on them submerged all to
the tops and the loose earth &
other plants hanging over
After leaving Fonte Boa the
high banks along which we
have been steaming for the last
two days disappeared &
again replaced by the more
common forest line.
Nov 6. Passed Rio Jutahy in the
night the shores have already
a much different character.
Many low islands overgrown with
the bamboo used for making
arrows, I think, [illegible]
to be quite a feature in the

landscape since we have
left Fonte Boa. Very few fan palms,
many Palms. Much [illegible]
Steaming the night.
7. At sunrise San Antonio
on a high bluff. About noon
Matura. Butterflies
[illegible] bees
8. San Paulo d' Olivença
early in the morning
like the others on high
bluff
9. Stopped at Caldeirão all
night to take in wood
on high bluff. — left at
daylight. Evening
Tabatinga
Stopped to take in wood on the left
shore above Tabatinga, [illegible]
10. Rain in the morning. Loreto.
Stopped at a station [illegible]
to take in [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
11. S. Paulo at night. [illegible]
[illegible]

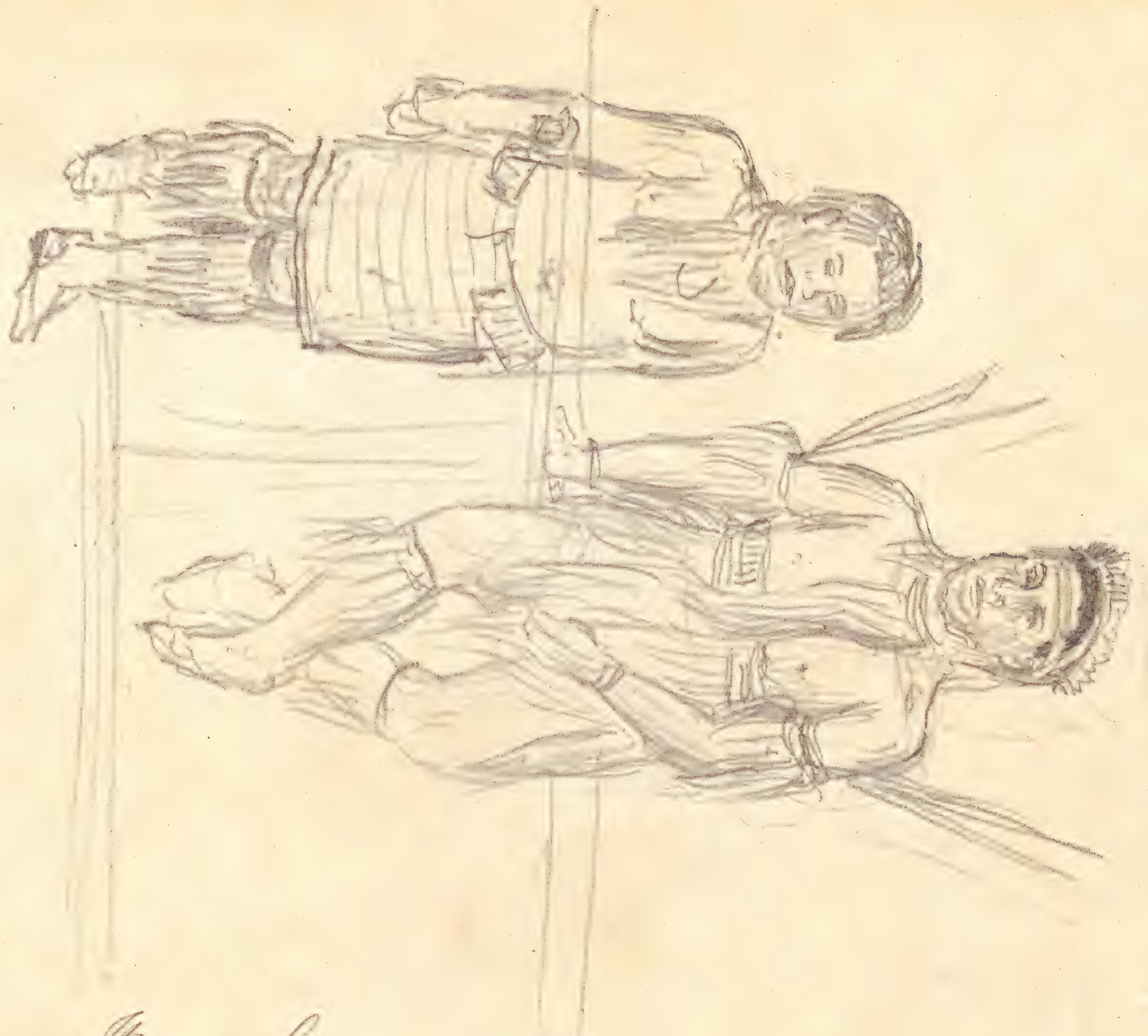
12. ~~St~~ Mosquitoes — Butterflies
13. Pebas; Indians.
small Town 2 houses [illegible]
thatch roofs & plaster [illegible]

4.000000
2 100000
1 800000
6 ~~[illegible]~~
2
15 400000

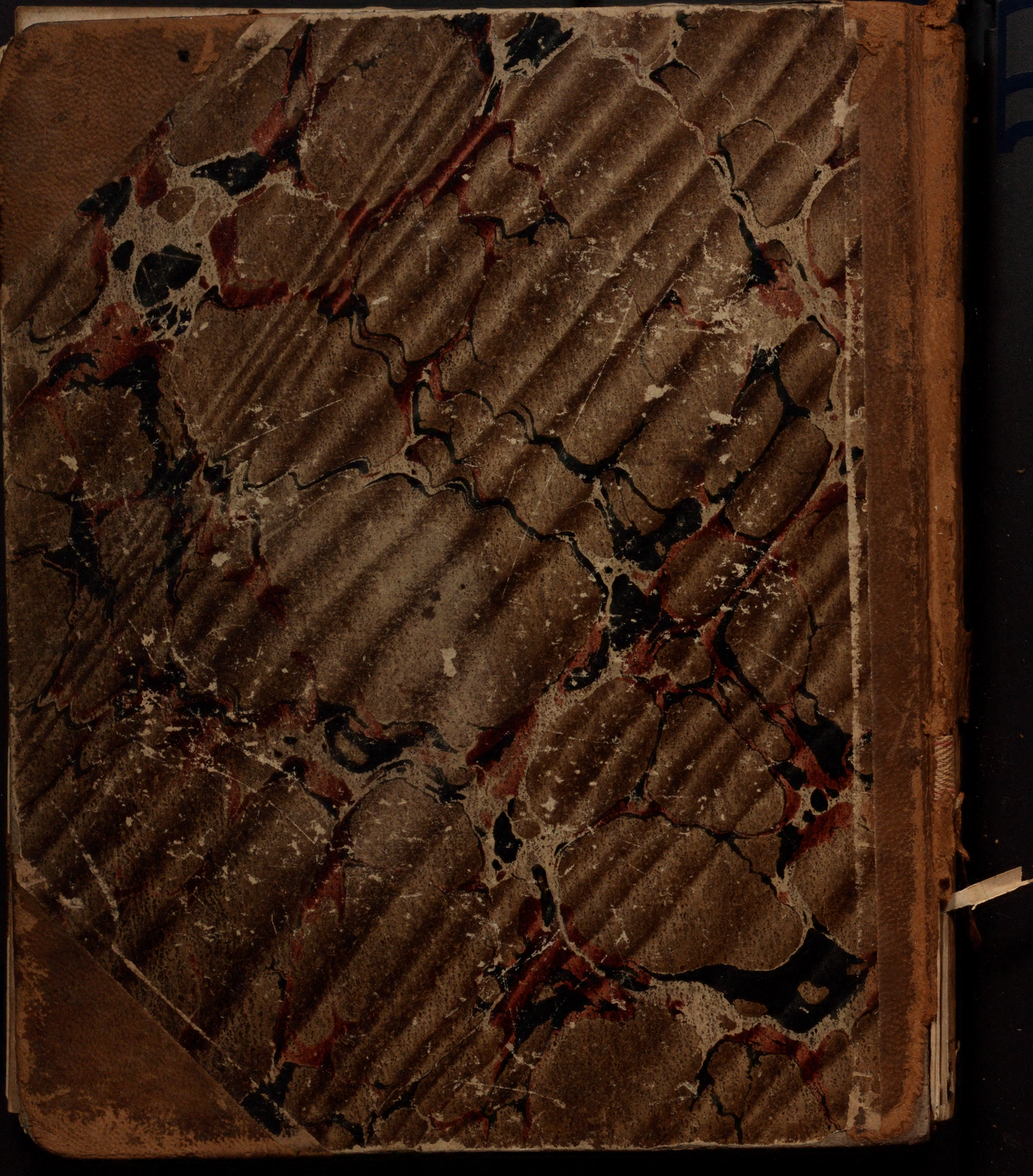
24 Leave Santarem about 7 P.M.
25 reached Obidos, a very picturesquely situated Town about 2 hours after daylight. Stopped [illegible] [illegible] made sketch. On the highest part facing the River is a fort, [illegible]
Monotonous scenery — about noon reach a fazenda called [illegible]singa.
27. Reach Manaos about 6 P.M. as soon as we entered the Rio Negro the scenery changed completely, dark [illegible] hilly country [illegible] Minutely [illegible]
28. Walk to Forest. [illegible] [illegible]
29 Cachoeira (waterfall)
30 —
31, Embark for Iquitos on Steamer [illegible]
Steamer left about midnight;
Apr 2. 8 A.M. Stopped at small town called Coary. Made sketches from deck of Steamer.
3. [illegible] [illegible] where we have been taking in wood at daylight
Beautiful sunrise [illegible] Jacare
porpoises, Water birds
high banks, cliffs of red clay.
4. Tefé [illegible] in the morning.
Morning strong rainstorm
[illegible] festivities [illegible] on a
small [illegible] — Rain



Sangharra



Sanchana

756